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BURROCK'S BLOOD BITTERS

My father and other relatives adhered to the lost cause, and when the war ended nothing could be found of any of them. Basset's wandered around the country, and finally, in 1875, came here. He found work at first among the fishermen, and then, taking a fancy to the island, he squatted upon it, and has since lived there like another Robinson Crusoe.

He has a few choice hens, four or five cats and a dog, and leads a quiet and apparently happy life. Although he saw much hard service in the army he is not a pensioner. He lost his papers soon after the war in transmitting them to Washington, and has failed in every attempt to find any of old comrades, and he rarely even thinks now of applying for financial succor from the Government.

A peculiar circumstance in connection with Basset's island home is that it has never been entered on the Government charts. There is no evidence to be found on the maps that the island exists, and he is unable to acquire any legal title to it.

He holds it by the right of possession, and has no fear that any one will try to oust him. This condition of affairs has another peculiar feature. Marion Island, which is separated from Basset's by but a few rods of water, is included in Peninsular township, and the owner of the bigger island pays his taxes and votes in the township, but Basset's land, having no legal existence on the map, is declared not in the United States, and Basset has no taxes to pay and is not allowed to vote.

It is held that he is not a citizen of the United States; that he does not live in this country, and to all intents and purposes is a foreigner. In spite of such trifling annoyances the solitary inhabitant of the island takes life philosophically and is supreme ruler of his little domain.

A Blindman's Watch.

A watch by which blind people can tell the time by touch has been patented in England. It is an ordinary hunting watch, with a smooth enamel dial, without glass or seconds, and immediately over each figure on the dial is a small projecting stud. Extra-stout hands are provided and in order to prevent their catching each other when pressed a small screw or stud is put through the head of the minute-hand, which projects slightly on either side. The stud keeps the minute-hand free from the dial and permits it to pass safely over the hour-hand, from which it is easily distinguished.

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AN AMERICAN MONARCH.

A Veritable Robinson Crusoe Recently Discovered.

The Queer Existence of a Lone Fisherman Who Reigns in Solitary Supremacy Over an Island in Lake Michigan.

Twelve miles out in Grand Traverse bay, lying between Marion Island and the main land, is a little island comprising about an acre of ground, and upon this island, far from the noise and turmoil of the busy world, lives Dick Basset, the hermit, says a Michigan correspondent of the New York Sunday Journal.

Basset is an odd genius, fond of quiet and solitude, yet one of the most popular men in his section, known and liked by everybody. Beyond a few glittering generalities nothing is known of his past life, and the escapade that led to his retirement from the world is a secret known only to himself.

He is a bachelor, about fifty-five years old, good-looking, well educated, well read and well informed, an inveterate smoker, a strict teetotaler, jolly and witty in his intercourse with men, the soul of honor in business transactions and a confirmed fisherman.

On his little island home, which is a veritable paradise in summer, he has a small log cabin comfortably furnished, a miniature chicken-coop, an ice-house and a vegetable cellar. The island is bordered with a row of fruit trees, plums, peaches, apples, pears and cherries, and in the interior is a garden for potatoes, strawberries and other small fruit and vegetables. His acre is highly cultivated and very productive, and the crops he raises more than suffice for his simple wants. He sells some of the surplus and gives much away.

His chief occupation, however, is fishing. The waters about his island fairly teem with whitefish and lake trout, and he is an expert in pulling them in both with the net and line. He finds a ready market in this city for the fish and in the summer sells many to resorters. In the early fall he gets in his crops and then fishes until December, storing the fish away in his ice-boxes for winter shipment.

In January he harvests his ice crop, and then if he feels like taking a little exercise and enjoying life on a moderate scale, he secures employment in the woods and labors in the lumber camps until it is time for him to return to his island.

His living expenses are merely nominal, and the money he has left after subscribing for half a dozen papers and magazines he lays away where nobody knows, and none knows how much he has.

He is honest himself, and he takes it for granted that everybody else is the same. He has no locks on his cabin door, and frequently goes away for hours at a time, leaving his money loose on the table. He has never lost anything yet by thieves, and apparently has no fears in that direction.

All that is known of Basset's life is that he was born in the West; that his father was a plainsman and ranchman, and often left Dick alone on the prairie with the cattle while he plotted travels across the country. When the war broke out Dick was a sturdy young man of twenty-five, and his sympathies were with the North. He enlisted with the Fifth Iowa Infantry, and that he served with gallantry is attested by eight bullet wounds in many different parts of his body.

His father and other relatives adhered to the lost cause, and when the war ended nothing could be found of any of them. Basset's wandered around the country, and finally, in 1875, came here. He found work at first among the fishermen, and then, taking a fancy to the island, he squatted upon it, and has since lived there like another Robinson Crusoe.

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BUNCO IN PARIS.

The Clever Trick of a Professional Diamond Thief.

The police records of the French capital have just been enriched, says the Chicago Evening Post, by another of those clever bits of Parisian roguery that make plain American bunco-steering appear in comparison as inartistic as hot carrying or sand-bagging. Paris dailies published a few weeks ago this announcement:

"A splendid wedding will take place here toward the end of the month. M. V. Thompson, a millionaire American broker, will marry Miss Ellen Barber, the only daughter of the highly respected Rev. J. M. Barber, of New Zealand."

About ten days after this notice appeared a man with a white beard and in clerical garments introduced himself at the jewelry shop of Mme. Provost as Rev. Dr. Barber, and asked that an attendant be sent with a great variety of jewels to his house in Bassand street, in order that Mr. Thompson, his future son-in-law, might choose fitting wedding gifts for the coming bride. The old man designated some ten thousand dollars worth of jewels as the most likely lot for his future son-in-law's taste and left. The next morning Mme. Provost herself took the jewels designated and some five thousand dollars' worth more to the house in Bassand street. She was led into a splendid reception-room by a maid-servant, who took her card to the "pastor." She was received in a few minutes by the old man in a saloon crowded with evidences of the wealth of the occupants. He said:

"My daughter is too ill to rise. Her fiancé is with her, and if you will stop in they will make their selection together."

The "pastor" opened the door to admit the caller to his daughter's bedside, but was stopped by a woman's voice:

"The woman must come to-morrow. I am not able to see strangers to-day."

"But, my dear child, you can just take a glance or two, so as to tell us what you wish," remonstrated the "pastor," and then turning to Mme. Provost: "The poor girl has a terrible headache and objects to seeing strangers. I will just give her a look at the things myself, and then give the order."

He took the tray with fifteen thousand dollars' worth of jewels, gave Mme. Provost an album of views of the Yosemite for her entertainment and then went to the woman in the next room. He returned to chat with Mme. Provost, but was called away by the announcement: "I have made my choice." The "pastor" remained away five, ten, fifteen minutes. Mme. Provost became nervous and knocked at the bedroom door. No answer. She tried it. It was locked. She hurried to the other doors. They, too, were fast. She screamed and pounded until the janitor came to her rescue. The false pastor and daughter and maid servant had gone and have not been seen since. They had taken the rooms the day before, and had not even paid the rent.

WHIPPED AT SCHOOL.

As the Result of a Switching a Boy Became President of a Railroad.

Twenty years or more ago, says the Atchison Globe, Mrs. John M. Crowell, then Miss Grant, was the teacher of a country school near Yellow Springs, O. Among her pupils was an orphan boy, whom the principal farmer of the district had found in Illinois and taken to raise. The boy was capable and bright, but he lacked application, and on that account was never prepared in his lessons. Miss Grant complained of the boy's shortcoming to his adopted father, and was advised to wear a hickory gad out upon him. She hesitated, for the boy was big and strong, although good-natured. But the father insisted, and after warning the boy several times, she one day used the hickory upon him in the presence of the entire school. It humbled the lad, and it was feared that he would run away that night. He was accordingly watched. But instead of running away, he took a candle and went to his room, where the light was seen to burn the greater part of the night. The next day the boy was in his place in school as usual, and throughout the day he was perfect in his lessons. The reformation was complete, and the orphan became famous in the district.

Miss Grant came West and married Mr. Crowell. A few years ago, while Mr. Crowell was still in the service of the Post-Office Department, he was riding over the Fort Scott and Wichita road. The conductor was now to the business and was averse to recognizing Mr. Crowell's credentials. But the president of the road happened to be in his car, attached to the rear of the train, and the credentials were referred to him. Pretty soon the president appeared in person, and led Mr. Crowell back into his car. "Your wife, sir, made me president of this road," he said. "If it had not been for a whipping she once gave me I would be now a plodder on the farm." It was Francis Tiernan, grown to be rich and famous, all from the school teacher's severe discipline. Mr. Tiernan soon after called in his special car at Atchison with his wife to see Mrs. Crowell. He is now a millionaire and is building a railroad from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles.

Opium in Sausages.

A string of sausages floated idly around in an eddy between two Pacific coast steamship docks two hours one day, says a San Francisco correspondent of the New York World. They popped up from somewhere, nobody knew where. The City of Pueblo had been thoroughly searched and nothing contraband had been discovered. Customs Inspector Critcher, standing guard on her deck, suspected nothing, but, fretted by the persistency of the sausages in floating in the slip instead of following the tide, called to two boatmen to take them out of the water. The boatmen did so, and it was found that every "sausage" had a fine silk fish line tied to it, at the end of which dangled a box of opium wrapped in oiled silk. There was 2,200 boxes in all, worth nearly \$3,000. The "sausages" were scraps of cork wrapped in tarpaulin and lined with cord, each link being loaded with sufficient salt to sink it about a foot under water.

THE LATEST IN BEARDS.

Fashion Decrees Against the Pointed Style.

An Authority Gives Some Historical Points on the Subject—The Square Trimmed Beard Returning to Favor.

It has been decreed by the artistic barbers of Paris that the pointed beard, which has for so long a time held popular favor, is no longer the thing of fashion that it was. As has happened before in the history of the world, says the New York Sun, it is to be supplanted by another beard having many of its characteristics, but still different in its entirety. M. Henri Pouljol, late of the Paris Jockey Club, and the greatest of American barbers, gives this reason for the change:

"The pointed beard," he said, "has certain advantages over all others, and that is the reason why it has so long been popular. It is a style of beard that was invented by King Henry III. of France. It requires less training and care than any other, and, therefore, in this busy country, where men do not care to waste more time than is necessary in attending to their personal appearance, it has naturally been widely adopted. But because of its popularity it must now go. The gentleman of fashion refuses longer to wear a beard which has become so common that every dry-goods clerk wears it. That is the reason why it has been discarded by the high-toned gentlemen of Paris. They found that everybody was wearing it; that it had become too popular. They said: 'This will not do. We must have something more exclusive.' The cry is echoed in this country, and the beginning of the end has come. The new beard resembles the one now about to be discarded in some respects. It is like a pointed beard with the point cut off. It is very thin and closely cut on the cheeks.

"It is a peculiar fact that the adoption of this style after discarding the other is but a repetition of history. After Henry III. had made the pointed beard so fashionable, the Duc de Guise introduced the present beard. The Duc de Guise, as you will remember, was the instigator of the Huguenot massacre on St. Bartholomew's day. He lived in the sixteenth century, and was assassinated in his forty-third year by order of Henry III. The new beard is not likely to be so universally adopted as the other was, because it requires more care and attention."

There is another reason for the popularity of the pointed beard which Mr. Pouljol did not refer to. That is, the fact that it assists the busy man in reflection. Unlike any other beard, this one can be seized at its apex and twisted and pulled and fondled without in the slightest degree interfering with its good appearance. It is no uncommon thing to see a man with a pointed beard twisting the point of it with a satisfied air while lost in reflection.

Many prominent citizens who wear a pointed beard have not yet, apparently, learned the decree that has doomed it. They still go on wearing it as though the mandate of fashion was not the terrible thing that everybody realizes it to be. They will undoubtedly all come around, however, to the conclusion that it is better to be in style than to be happy. In the meantime the fortunate gentlemen who are in the vanguard of the fashion are undoubtedly rejoicing over that fact.

The square beard which is divided in the center continues to hold favor with those gentlemen who do not feel that their faces will permit their wearing any other. Their action is highly applauded by M. Pouljol, who lays down the fundamental principle that in growing a beard one must not go against nature. If the latter insists upon having the hair grow in certain directions, it is merely the part of folly to attempt to turn them any other way. But the fortunate man who can train his beard in the way in which he wishes it to go is not bound by any such restrictions. He can always follow the style.

UNCLE SAM'S PET.

An Old Horse That Draws a Pension for Past Service.

There is a horse in the United States army, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, on the retired list drawing a pension. The horse belonged to Captain Keogh, a near relative to General Custer, and is the only horse that escaped the massacre in which that General was killed. His name is Comanche, and he is stationed at Fort Riley, Kan., with the Seventh Cavalry—Custer's old regiment.

His pension is sufficient to cover his transportation wherever he goes, and to pay for his forage. He is cared for by a man detailed for that duty, and who does nothing else. He is saddled, bridled and equipped and led out for inspection, yet no one dares sit in his saddle. He has been much sought after by enterprising showmen, but Uncle Sam says no.

He will be kept as long as life lasts, and after that will probably be prepared and sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. When found Comanche was many miles away from the scene of the battle. He had seven wounds, and was nearly exhausted from loss of blood.

English Swindlers.

Here is the newest dodge for plundering the British household, says the New York Sunday Journal: A circular is received by the lady of the house from an apparently respectable firm, announcing some wonderful bargains in household linen, buckwheat and similar goods. At the appointed time the representative appears—in one case he came in a brougham. He produces samples of the linen, etc., and generally succeeds in taking orders, the goods being of first-rate quality, and miraculously cheap. He then announces that he has with him some lengths of dress material of novel make and astonishing value. These he sells for cash on the spot. Needless to say, the dress material turns out to be worthless, and the other goods are never delivered.

A STRANGE CASE.

As the Result of a Wound a Soldier's Mind Remains a Blank for Eight Years.

A very romantic story has just been brought to light through the medium of the Pension Bureau, says the Philadelphia Record. On the 1st of September, 1862, there enlisted at Van Wert, O., in the Fifteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, a slender, blue-eyed youth of twenty named Hugh Thompson. At the battle of Chickamauga Thompson was wounded by a case shot and left for dying on the field. He never rejoined his regiment and it was generally supposed that he was numbered among the unknown dead. The next scene in this strange history opens on a snowy country road in Northern Illinois, near the village of Cleveland, in the winter of 1870. Night was coming on as a small-sized, but sturdily built, traveler breasted his way against the keen winds that swept the bleak prairie. He was comfortably dressed in a good working suit, with a pair of new boots on his feet and a coonskin cap on his head.

He carried an old-fashioned oil-cloth valise, and appeared to be looking for a place to stay over night. And there on the lonely road in the darkening twilight of that freezing February evening in the year of grace, 1870, Hugh Thompson, the wounded soldier of Chickamauga, "came to himself," as he expressed it. It was just as if at that moment he had awakened from a dreamless sleep of seven years. But his memory was gone totally and absolutely. His other faculties were keen enough, but he could not recall his own name, where he had been, his family, or his home. His entire past up to that moment was simply a blank. The only thing that connected him with a former existence was an idea that he was looking for a Mr. Baker, who needed men to work. This turned out to be correct. He found him, and was given employment in a coal mine. Gradually his mind came back to him, and he remembered the scenes of his boyhood.

The case was so remarkable that it was taken up by the local papers, and the story at last fell into the hands of Thompson's father. Their relationship was easily established. Through all his wanderings—and this sounds like a Sunday-school tale, but the incident is legally proved and forms part of the evidence of his identity—he carried a little Testament given to him by a sister, with an inscription in rhyme, when he enlisted. The sister still living recognized it at once when he exhibited it upon his return. All his efforts have so far failed to recall to him any thing that occurred from the time that he tumbled over on the bloody field of Chickamauga until the strange awakening of his dormant faculties in 1870.

AN HEROIC DEED.

How a Father Saved His Family from the Indians.

A gentleman passed through the city the other day on his way to Excelsior Springs whose name three or four years ago was one of the most popular in the daily press of that day, says the Kansas City Times. It was Mr. John T. Shy, of Deering, N. M., whose deeds of heroism in saving his wife and family from massacre by a band of savage Apaches after a running fight of several miles will ever make his name a conspicuous one in the history of the West. The story is as follows:

Mr. Shy had settled on a ranch in New Mexico with his wife and young son, their place being seventeen miles from any other settlement. The ranch was attacked by a roving band of eighteen Apaches, who sought to drive off the stock. Mr. Shy, who was well armed and had plenty of ammunition, placed his wife and child in a place of safety within the house, and then opened fire, which was returned. The fight was waged for some time, till one of the Indians succeeded in crawling up to and setting fire to the house.

This necessitated flight; so, sending Mrs. Shy forward under the smoke of the burning building, the husband and father, carrying his young son under his arm, made a dash for the cover of some thick brush which was growing near by.

An Indian's bullet went through the child's hip and lodged in the father's body, but the fight went on. Mr. Shy ran forward some distance and then, dropping the child in the brush, would face about, fire at the leading pursuer, who would thus be brought to a standstill for a time. Then another shot and another stand, to gain time for Mrs. Shy, who was fleeing in the front, and so on the day was spent. The Indians finally gave up the chase, which had cost them no less than six warriors, and the exhausted fugitives managed to reach the city of Deering with their lives. The wounds received by both father and son were rapidly healed, and now, when the hostilities are forever expelled from or killed out of that neighborhood, there is no more flourishing or happy family in New Mexico than that of valorous John T. Shy.

NEW YORK'S HOTEL HERMIT.

In the Midst of Thousands of His Fellow-hermits, Yet He Never Speaks.

The census brought out the fact that a man can live in a New York hotel for ten years and never speak to any man or enter into any communication with any one except as to the commonplace affairs of eating and drinking. This champion hermit lives at the Grand Union Hotel and is known as Bailey. That is all that is known about him. There was a statement printed that the census man had skipped that hotel, and in writing to the supervisor to say that the story was untrue and that the enumerator, with the assistance of the clerks, had made every effort to secure the proper information as to all permanent residents in the house, the proprietor, Mr. Garrison, added that there was one man called Bailey, who, to the best of his knowledge, had not spoken a word to a living soul since he first came to live at the hotel, ten years ago, and from whom it had been impossible to obtain any answers to the questions. There has been a story told of another similar hermit who used to live at a large downtown hotel, but that one did talk occasionally.

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at Budwell, Christian and Barbee's drugstore, regular size, 50c and \$1.00.

Epilepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and out the demon dyspepsia and install instead Euphemy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle by Budwell, Christian & Barbee, drug gists.

You are in a Bad Fix.

But we will cure you if you will pay us. Nervous and Debilitated, suffering from Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, and all the effects of early evil habits, or later indiscretions, which lead to Premature Decay, Consumption or Insanity, should send for and read the "Book of Life," giving particulars of a home cure. Sent (sealed) by addressing Dr. Parker's Medical and Surgical Institute, 151 E. 3d St. New York, Tenn. We guarantee a cure or no pay. "The Sunday Morning."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Budwell, Christian & Barbee.

Will A. Carr, the Roanoke sign writer, 3rd ave and 1st st. n. w. nov26-t

Cure for croup.—Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil according to directions. It is the best remedy for all sudden attacks of colds, pain and inflammation, and injuries.

RAILROADS.

S. A. & O. R. R.

THE NATURAL TUNNEL ROUTE

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT AUG. 3, 1890.

TRAINS WEST.	Pass. Mixed.	No. 1. No. 3.	STATIONS.	TRAINS EAST.	Mixed. No. 2. No. 4.
a. m. p. m.				a. m. p. m.	
8 15 2 35			LV. Bristol, Ar.	11 40 6 00	
8 35 2 55			*Walker's Mt.	11 25 5 42	
8 40 3 00			Banham's	11 16 5 35	
9 00 3 20			*Abam's Falls.	11 00 5 15	
9 05 3 25			Menota.	10 05 5 10	
9 25 3 45			Mace Spring.	10 32 4 50	
9 35 3 55			Hatton's.	10 21 4 40	
9 45 4 05			*Northham.	10 13 4 30	
9 51 4 11			*Moccasin Gap.	10 06 4 23	
10 00 4 17			Hallsville.	10 00 4 17	
10 08 4 27			*Marble Quarry.	9 50 4 08	
10 15 4 35			*Big Cut.	9 41 4 00	
10 25 4 45			Spear's Ferry.	9 30 3 59	
10 32 4 50			Chinchport.	9 23 3 45	
10 40 5 00			Natural Tunnel.	9 16 3 35	
10 50 5 10			*Horton Summit.	9 05 3 25	
11 00 5 17			Duffield.	9 00 3 16	
11 05 5 25			*Winseley's.	8 52 3 10	
11 11 5 31			Ward's Mills.	8 45 3 02	
11 25 5 42			*Wildcat Summit.	8 31 2 50	
11 38 5 55			East Big Stone Gap.	8 17 2 37	
11 45 6 05			Ar. B. S. Gap. Lv.	8 10 2 30	
a. m. p. m.				a. m. p. m.	

* Trains do not stop, except to leave passengers, or on signal.

H. W. BATES,
Vice-president and General Manager
GEO. H. GRAVES,
Superintendent

MINERAL LAND.

I offer for sale 201 acres of Coal and Iron Land, situated in the Cataw